

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

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On Cheerfulness.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

God make me merry, and God make me gay,
And God make me laugh through the work
of the day.

God make me smile when I wake at the morn,
And God keep me cheerful in sunshine and
storm.

The world is so full of its sorrow and sin,
It needs just a bit of the sunshine let in.
And so, though it's little enough I can do,
I'll laugh and I'll smile till others do, too!

A Beautiful Memorial.

This tablet to the memory of Alice Freeman Palmer was unveiled in Houghton Memorial Chapel at Wellesley College on Sunday, June 6, 1909. It is the work of the sculptor Daniel Chester French. On the base, which does not show in the picture, there is an inscription and a portrait medallion.

You can see in the face and position of the smaller figure the dreamy expectation of youth. The maiden faces the world with wonder, with uncertainty, with hope. Behind her stands the teacher, whose influence is with the girl to guide and inspire. The hand which has led the pupil thus far now sends her forth to meet the future.

The sculptor has suggested in a work of surpassing beauty the influence of this great teacher and greater woman over the lives of her college girls. Alice Freeman was only twenty-six years old when she became president of Wellesley. The college has as its motto the Bible phrase, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and the words are a fitting description of her life. One of her pupils in writing about her says:—

"Underneath her cheerfulness, her keen sense of humor, her thoughtfulness for others, her joy in all that makes life lovely, there ran a current of confidence and unhesitating trust in her heavenly Father. She consequently never appeared perplexed."

In dealing with a pupil she always seized on some good point in the girl's character, and tried to make her feel that she must bring her whole nature up to that level. When she said, "Of course, you couldn't do anything that is untrue or unladylike," all that was best in the girl rose to the appeal. In this way she exerted a powerful influence, which the tablet vividly suggests.

Mrs. Palmer's biographer tells us the secret of her influence, "She believed that conscious fellowship with God is the foundation of every strong life, the natural source from which all must derive their power and their peace."

This tablet enshrines her, as the inscription says, "in the heart of the college she loved."



THE ALICE FREEMAN PALMER MEMORIAL—FRENCH.

The Stuff that Won.

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

"Boy!"

The city editor's voice was gruff, as usual. He had a call-bell on his desk, but he never remembered to use it.

He was about to repeat the call, from force of habit, when he became aware that a boy was at his side, waiting.

Without taking his eyes from the copy he was reading, the city editor spared one hand long enough to shove it into a pocket and pull out some coins. He handed a half-dollar to the boy and said:

"Two chicken sandwiches and a cut of pie."

There had been a sudden "break" in big news that day about the time the city editor usually went out to lunch, and he couldn't get away.

A few minutes later the lunch was laid on his desk, along with fifteen cents change, and the boy promptly went about his business.

The city editor brushed the change to one side and reached for the bag containing the lunch. He ate a sandwich from one hand while he marked copy with the other. Presently he noticed that the change was still lying there, and looked up quickly. Such conduct was so unusual for a copy-boy. He often sent out for a hasty lunch, and, if there was change,—and there nearly always was a dime or a nickel,—the boy invariably lingered till it was pushed significantly toward him, as was always done.

"What's that boy's name?" the city editor asked.

"Joe Carter," said the assistant city editor. "He's all right, if he stays like he is now. Apt to be just like all the others, though, in two or three weeks."

Despite the rush of work, the city editor reflected on the information for almost a minute. He had no time to give to the study of copy-boys. That detail was attended to by his assistant. Five boys were needed in the editorial department of the *Evening Item*; and, though every effort was always made to get the right boys, goings and comings were frequent. The city editor had got into the habit of thinking that all copy-boys were much alike, which was largely why he seldom noticed one boy more than another. So, when, a few days before, Joe Carter was brought up to the desk and announced as a new copy-boy, the city editor accorded him the customary lack of attention.

Joe's oversight in leaving the change on the city editor's desk had been duly noted by the boys who were in the office—some of them were gone for outside copy.

"Why didn't you wait?" said one. "He always gives you the change."

"I didn't wish to," replied Joe, shortly. "I'm no grafter."

"Aw, that's not graftin'," the boy informed him. "All copy-boys do that, way. If you don't get somethin' on the side, how're you goin' to have anything on five a week, and that's as much as a copy-boy's ever paid here? I make as much as two dollars a week in tips from the editors and reporters. I wish I'd been in the office. Say, if you don't want to make any money on the side, the next time let me get his lunch if I'm in the office."

Then he turned to another copy-boy, who, with himself and Joe, had been detailed for duty in the office and building that day, and caustically asked:

"Where were *you* that you didn't keep that change from gettin' away?"

"I was here, but I was afraid he wanted me to chase out after papers," was the sour answer.

"Sure you lay for the change," continued the boy who had taken Joe to task. "All you have to do is to hang around a minute when you bring it to the city editor or the other editors. Why, I've often got a whole quarter!"

Joe was an interested listener to this conversation, but he made no further reply. He thought deeply about it, however, with the result that he firmly resolved that he would not alter his mode of conduct.

"It isn't right," he assured himself. "It is certainly grafting. The very thought of it makes me feel ashamed."

The very next afternoon the star reporter got him to run an errand and make a small purchase. When Joe returned, he was offered a dime in a way that indicated that the reporter was under the impression that he had to give tips for such services. Joe declined it, with courteous thanks.

"You don't have to pay me," he said. "I'm glad to do it for you. That's what I'm hired for, you know."

The reporter looked sharply at Joe, as though he hesitated in believing what he had heard.

He balanced the dime on the tip of a finger and held it out with an inquiring "No?"

"No," said Joe, with a smile. "That's all right. But, thank you, just the same."

The reporter forthwith arose and went to the city editor's desk.

"Say, Mr. Clark," he said, "that new office boy almost killed me just now. I'm paralyzed yet."

"What?" queried the city editor, as he continued to run hurriedly over the second edition of a rival paper to see if it had any news of the city that the *Item* didn't have.

"He refused to take a tip," said the reporter.

The city editor made no comment, but, remembering his own experience, he found time before leaving that afternoon to discover Joe as a personality instead of as merely one of the ordinary parts of the usually inefficient copy-boy machinery of the office.

He discovered a clean, alert youth, with hair brushed, finger nails neatly kept and shoes polished, who kept in his place and on the job. He discovered that Joe didn't loiter around the reporters' desks, or take part in the noisy conversation of the other boys when they gathered in the rear of the room after the paper had gone to press.

"I'll have to look out for that lad," mused the city editor to himself.

It was about a week later that the city editor, leaving the office for the day, met Joe on the street. It happened that they took cars at the same corner, though going to different parts of the city. They walked together to the corner. Before his car arrived the city editor suddenly remembered that he had to make a purchase in the drug store, and he told Joe to come in with him.

"Let's take a nice, cool drink," he proposed, while waiting for his package and change. "What will you have, Joe?"

"Thank you ever so much," said Joe, "but I'd rather not, if you please."

The city editor regarded him intently.

"Very well," he said. "I guess I don't want it, anyway."

He was almost embarrassed, but he was proud of Joe. It was such a small thing,

and yet such a fine thing, he thought. Only a five-cent drink, and yet Joe declined to accept it! The city editor pondered rather a long time about it as he rode home.

"The boy's right. He couldn't very well offer to treat me to a drink, now could he?" he chuckled. "Not looking for favors and won't accept one he can't return. Now that's something like it. He'd make a great newspaper man if"—

And then the city editor had an idea. The next morning he called Joe into his private office.

"How old are you, Joe?" he began.

"Fourteen, sir," was the answer. "Will be fifteen in about two months—September twentieth."

"Been to school much?"

"I work only between school terms," Joe explained. "I want to go to college later on, if I can earn the tuition money. My parents can't help me in that."

The city editor meditated a moment. Then, in a voice both gentle and serious, he asked:

"Joe, would you like to be a reporter?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Well, do you think you *could* be one, now?"

Joe was about to falter, but caught himself.

"I do," he said, confidently.

"You'd be the youngest one that ever reported on the *Item*," the city editor went on, "and I wouldn't want to see you try it and fail. It would look badly for me, too, Joe. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Joe, "but I won't."

"If I put you on, you'll try doubly hard to make good for me, won't you?"

"I will," Joe answered, decisively. His eyes were very bright and his hands shook just a little.

"Good enough! A reporter is leaving next Saturday," the city editor told him. "You can't take his place, of course, but it will make a place for you. I'll give you a job covering easy assignments till you learn the game. I want you to make good from the start."

And Joe did. And for every year he was old he got a dollar weekly salary.

At School and at Home.

My teacher doesn't think I read so very special well,

She's always saying, "What was that last word?" and makes me spell

And then pronounce it after her, as slow as slow can be.

"You'd better take a little care"—that's what she says to me—

"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find some one of these bright days,

You're way behind the primer class."

That's what my teacher says.

But, when I'm at my grandpa's house, he hands me out a book

And lets me choose the place to read; and then he'll sit and look

At me and listen, just as pleased! I know it from his face!

And when I read a great, long word, he'll say, "Why, little Grace,

You'll have to teach our deestrick school some one o' these bright days!

Mother, you come and hear this child."

That's what my grandpa says.

ELIZABETH L. GOULD, in *St. Nicholas*.

Mabel's Trouble.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

One look told the whole story. At the bank door stood Mabel, the tears rolling from her brown eyes clear down to the deep dimple in her chin, and in her hand was the small pocket-book—quite empty.

"It's too bad," exclaimed grandpa. "Where did you lose it?"

"I was just going down to the post-office," sobbed Mabel, "to wait for Toggles the way you told me, and I held it—I'm most sure I held it—tight in my hand all the time, and then when I got there the money was all lost out."

"Where do you suppose you could have dropped it?"

"I don't know," and again the sobs came. "I looked all the way back—everywhere I looked, and it wasn't there."

"We'll look together," said grandpa.

Hand in hand they walked from the bank back to the post-office, looking carefully on both sides, but not one single piece of money was to be found.

"Some one must have picked it up," was grandpa's explanation. "So many are going back and forth, and of course they would not know you had just lost it."

At the post-office they found Toggles waiting.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Did a dog chase her?"

"No," answered Mabel, and she told him the story.

"How much did you have?"

He thrust one small hand into his trousers pocket.

"Two dimes and a nickel."

Mabel was almost ready to cry again.

"Hm!" mused Toggles. "Five cents is all I have."

"But that will be enough to buy the candy," suggested grandpa. "Five cents' worth it seems to me is all two small children ought to eat at one time. And I'll put in five cents more to buy the present for mother. That needn't be expensive: the part that will please her the most is to know that her little folks thought about her."

That was the way they arranged it, and it wasn't of course the same, and Mabel could not quite forget; but in the buggy on the way home grandpa told funny stories and Toggles talked about other things; and, when at last they drove into the yard, she was quite a happy little girl again.

Near supper-time grandpa and Toggles had their talk about it. They were sitting in the hammock watching the clouds gather, for it looked as if it were going to rain.

"Wasn't it too bad about Mabel losing her money?" said Toggles.

"Indeed it was," answered grandpa. "I felt very sorry for her."

"And wouldn't it have been nice," Toggles went on, "if some rich man had come along just then and said: 'Never mind, little girl, don't cry any more. Here are two dimes and a nickel!'"

"It wouldn't have needed a rich man to say that," returned grandpa. "I had that much right in my pocket."

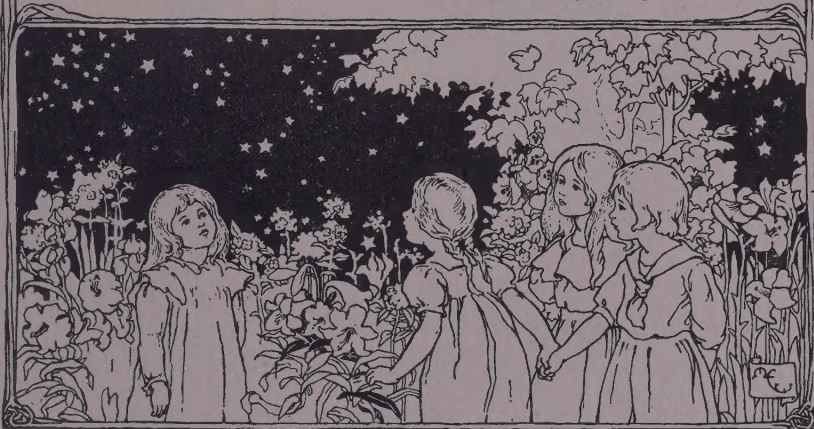
"Did you?" cried Toggles. "Why"—then he stopped, for it did not seem to him that his question would be very polite.

"Why didn't I give it to Mabel?" Toggles did not answer, but grandpa went on, "Well, I wanted to, very much, more, I think, than I have wanted to do anything



THE GREAT SUN DROPS
BEHIND THE HILL
LEAVING OUR GARDEN
DARK AND STILL
BUT IN THE TWINKLING
SKY O'ERHEAD

THE ANGEL'S WIDE STAR-
GARDENS SPREAD
WE SEE THE STAR-
FLOWERS BLOSSOM OUT
AND THE BUSY ANGELS
WORK ABOUT



else this summer; but it just didn't seem to me best."

"Won't it be unpolite if I talk to you about it?" asked Toggles.

"No. You may tell me just what you think."

"Well, it seems to me that to stop Mabel's crying and make her all happy again would have been a very good thing; and, if I had had two dimes and a nickel, I would have given them to her right then."

"Your papa lost some money not very long ago," said grandpa.

"I know. He told me about it."

"Should I have given him back what he lost?"

Toggles thought for a while.

"I think it would have been too much," he said at length.

"I could have done it."

"But papa can earn more money himself; and it wasn't your fault that he lost it."

"Mabel can earn more money, helping grandma with the dishes; and it wasn't my fault that she lost her money. I told her to be very careful, and, if she had been, she would not have dropped it."

"Y-es," agreed Toggles.

"Only, it does seem hard for a little girl

to have such a trouble: that's the part to explain. Well, you see, all of us have troubles,—little people, and their fathers, and their mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, even kings and princes,—some of them have the very worst kinds of trouble. And we learn to be brave about them by being brave first with the little ones, then when the bigger ones come they don't seem so dreadful. Now, a boy or a girl who never had had to be brave with a little trouble, what could he possibly do with a big one? He might not even try to be brave at all. And so," grandpa ended, "hard as this was for me, and for you, and for Mabel, I really thought it would be better if she stood most of her trouble herself."

Toggles sat thinking. Finally an odd twist came into the corner of his mouth.

"Grandpa," he asked, "was that why, when I broke my cart, you had me help fix it, when really I suppose you could have done it much quicker all by yourself?"

"That was it," answered grandpa.

They smiled at each other, as two people are apt to do when they have a sort of secret together. It was just then the rain came and they had to run for the house.—*Sunday School Times.*

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Editorial.

Every *Beacon* reader knows that next Tuesday is election day. All over our land men, and in six States women also, will vote for President of the United States. Some of you have been wearing a button with a picture of Taft or Roosevelt or Wilson on it. You have perhaps seen parades and heard speeches. Now the time for decision has come, and every city and town in our country feels the thrill of excitement over the result. Wednesday morning we shall all ask with eager interest, "Who is elected?"

You cannot fail to observe that even good people do not all want the same President nor choose the same party. One reason for this is that we do not all see alike. These eyes of ours, even when two of us look at the same object, do not give us the same idea of it. Ask your friends to tell you how large the full moon looks to them when it is just appearing through the tree-tops. To some it will seem as large around as an automobile tire. Others will say that it looks the size of a dinner-plate.

We do not always see truly what we look at. Here is something you may try for yourself. Take a ruler and draw two lines, one above another, each just an inch long. On the first draw at each end two lines which make an arrow point—meeting at the end of the line and extending toward the middle. On the second line turn the points outward. Start them at each end of the line, but make them extend away from the middle. Do the lines still look to be of the same length? You may need to measure again, to feel sure that you did not make one longer than the other.

If it is so hard just to see things as they are, is it any wonder that in government people do not see just alike and so want different men for president?

There is another reason why good people differ. They may want the same results, but they see different ways of getting them. Some prefer the way of the Republican party. Others want the way of the Democrats or the Progressives or the Socialists, or some other way. There are good men and women in all these parties. Only one group can win. If your side loses, remember that in our government we yield to the decision of the largest number.

As each election draws near, people discuss the questions involved, to try to get a larger number to see their way. By this means thought advances and the good comes. Civilization makes faster progress by clash of ideas than by clash of arms.

The Little Wind Children.

"The little wind children have come to town,
Crimson of maple and oak leaf brown;
Chasing and racing, away they go
Along the gutters and round the row;
Far in the forest they fall and float
On the viewless winds like a sailless boat,
Rustling and snuggling, when night brings
dream,
On the ferny bed by the woodland stream!"

Thanksgiving Concert Exercise.

(For Nineteen Small Children.)

First Child:

To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Thank
God, dear children, when you pray.

Second Child:

I'll thank Him for the pretty sky stretched
like a big blue tent on high.

Third Child:

I'll thank Him for the golden sun that
smiles on me till day is done.

Fourth Child:

I'll thank Him for the soft moonlight that
robes the earth in silvery white.

Fifth Child:

I'll thank Him for the twinkling stars that
shine like little lamps afar.

Sixth Child:

I'll thank Him for the green earth spread
with harvest bounty and daily bread.

Seventh Child:

I'll thank Him for the morning hours as
fresh as dewy opening flowers.

Eighth Child:

I'll thank Him for the pleasant day so
full of happy work and play.

Ninth Child:

I'll thank Him for the twilight time, with
mother stories, songs, and rhyme.

Tenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the quiet night with
pleasant sleep till morning light.

Eleventh Child:

I'll thank Him for the lovely flowers that
glow like rainbows after showers.

Twelfth Child:

I'll thank Him for the deep blue sea and
the pretty shells it flings to me.

Thirteenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the pleasant showers
that give a drink to thirsty flowers.

Fourteenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the mountains high
with snow-capped heads against the sky.

Fifteenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the fruit that glows in
gold and purple, green and rose.

Sixteenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the graceful trees that
dance and rock in summer's breeze.

Seventeenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the dear home nest and
dear home folks I love the best.

Eighteenth Child:

I'll thank Him for the children dear, my
little friends and schoolmates here.

Nineteenth Child:

I'll thank Him most for heaven above,
and that we know that "God is love."

NELLIE R. CAMERON, in *Primary Plans*.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 5, 16, 17, 18, is to repose.

My 8, 9, 7, 10, is a drop of water.

My 1, 2, 3, 12, is to agitate.

My 4, 13, 14, 7, is the glory of the evening.

My 15, 9, 6, is the flowers' refreshment.

My *whole* is a familiar saying.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 7, 10, 2, 1, 11, 6, 16, is the occupation of a
small animal.

My 4, 2, 15, 7, is to suspend.

My 13, 2, 5, 15, is concealed.

My 2, 12, 8, is dexterity.

My 3, 14, 10, is a wrong.

My 9, 12, is a conjunction.

My *whole* is an American author.

A CHANGED-LETTER PUZZLE.

I'm more than one thing, that is very certain;
Sometimes I'm chafed at by the rising tide,
Then I'm a cosy room from behind a curtain,
And then a place where criminals are tried;
Then, on an oaken door or garden gate,
Planted, I give intruding rogues checkmate.

Such am I—but add *d* to my short name,
Then starts a poet up, his eyes aflame;
Or, if a simple *e* to me you add,
I'm what you'd be if you'd lost all you had.
Give me but *k*, and I will cross the sea.
Or *n*, and I a place of store will be;
With *m* I help the brewer of the beer,
I pick up *on*, and find myself a peer;
Would you know more? With *ter* I sell and buy,
With *g* I carry coals; then who am I?

Young Days.

A NOVEL ACROSTIC.

1. What has a foot, but no hand?
2. What bites, but has no teeth?
3. What sings, but has no throat?
4. What has hands, but no foot?
5. What has wings, but cannot fly?
6. What has a voice, but no lungs?
7. What has teeth, but no mouth?

The initial letters will spell some things that have
heads, but no feet.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3.

ENIGMA V.—Evangeline.

ENIGMA VI.—New Mexico.

HIDDEN FRUITS.—1. Apple. 2. Orange. 3. Fig.
4. Grape. 5. Lemon. 6. Apricot. 7. Cherry. 8.
Peach. 9. Pear. 10. Date. 11. Tangerine. 12.
Plum.

A PUZZLE.—99 9/9.

CHANGED INITIALS.—Dear, fear, bear, near, rear,
hear, pear, year.

What He Learned.

A member of a school board was visiting
a public school not long ago when he en-
countered a small boy in the hall.

"What are you studying, my boy?" the
visitor asked.

"Arithmetic and geography," answered
the boy.

"And what are you learning in arith-
metic?"

The boy thought for a minute, then he re-
plied: "Guzinta."

"Guzinta?" said the surprised official.

"What's that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy.

"Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four
guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."—Lippin-
cott's.